



"IN DUMB SIGNIFICANTS PROCLAIM YOUR THOUGHTS."—SHAKESPEARE.

Vol. VI.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 1, 1876.

No. 1.

THE WAYSIDE INN.

O, LITTLE FEET; that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears
Must ache and bleed beneath your load
I, nearer to the wayside inn,
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road.

O, little hands; that weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O, little hearts, that throb and beat
With much impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O, little souls; as pure and white,
As crystalline as rays of light
Direct from Heaven, their sources divine
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears;
How lurid looks this sun of mine.

HENRY LONGFELLOW

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

AN EASTERN ALLEGORY.

BY ADENSEY CURIOSIBHY.

INTRODUCTION.

[From *The Capital* of Dec. 20, 1874.]

I.

WHEN through the machinations of Eblis, Adam fell and Allah punished the transgressions with death, he most mercifully selected one of the angels to receive at the dissolution the souls of the dying. This angel is called the "Angel of Death," whom the ignorant have confounded with Eblis, but such belief is actual heresy. The functions of the Angel of Death are terrible and merciless, but the command comes direct from Allah. When the world got thickly populated the Angel of Death trusted much of his functions to myriads of inferior angels, all acting under his command, whilst on the good and faithful only he, himself officiated. It was during the civil wars of the faithful, when but few deserved the grace of being dissolved from life by the Master's hand, that the Angel of Death sat reading the proverb of Solyman the wise, and the following passage, "A scolding wife is more bitter than death," took his attention.

"Surely," said the Angel, "man's wisdom is, after all, like man himself, defective. I am, as the messenger of death, and being also, as it were, death itself, well aware how bitter this last strug-

gle is. Can then a mere scold, and that scold a wife, who, by the command of Allah, is bound to obey her husband, outstrip the bitterness of death? Solyman, wise king, thou didst treat on a subject of which thou hadst not the slightest knowledge."

These reflections had hardly been finished when a majestic form stood before the Angel. "Messenger of death," said the apparition, "dost thou recognize me?" "I do," said the Angel of Death, "thou art Solyman the wise, and I was just finding fault with one of thy proverbs, which is ridiculously out of place and has no real foundation." "Angel," said the form of Solyman, "as the wisdom I promulgated on earth was Allah's choicest gifts, hence your doubts reflects on the giver of all things more than it does on me." "Not so," replied the Angel of Death, "I am Allah's most devoted angel and bow down to him and his wisdom; but these proverbs were uttered by thee, and being written by man's hand I have thus my doubts about them; besides, I am the best judge of death's bitterness, and as far as I know, hadst thou upon earth neither a scolding wife nor couldst thou have tasted the pangs of death, hence thy saying is quoted at random." "Wouldst thou be willing to make a trial in order to convince thyself?" asked Solyman. "Assuredly," said the Angel. "Well, then listen," said the majestic figure, "you have the permission from Allah to assume a human form, to visit the earth and marry a shrew to convince yourself; the conditions, however, are, that you have no power on earth except as allotted to the rest of mankind, and that you cannot return to your present place until either your wife is dead or you get a lawful divorce." "I accept of your proposition and its conditions with pleasure, and even without any reservation. As for your share, oh! wise king, I—" but the form of Solyman had vanished and the angel was left to himself again.

THE NARRATIVE.

Cairo the city of delight, with thy thousand minarets, stronghold of the faithful of Allah, thou art the wonderful city to the Giaour, and hast always been a place for miracles! It was this beautiful town that the Angel of Death selected for his trial of a scolding wife, inasmuch as he shrewdly argued that a town which once brought forth a woman who could accuse even the chaste Yuseff of an indecent assault, in actually producing as evidence his garments, she had thus seized on the occasion, while in reality the more convincing proof would have been for Yuseff to have retained a part of her garment. In such a city every generation may produce a bad or scolding wife, and as the sequel will show, he was perfectly right in his supposition.

Near the eastern gate, 'midst a beautiful grove of palm trees, stands the Mosque of Ayesha. Here the most learned Ulemas, Dervishes and Hadkis, who all made the Mecca pilgrimage, congregate and discuss the wisdom of Allah, together with the wonderful mysteries of the Alcoran. One day while the chief wise men of the community were thus engaged in their pious labors, a

stranger of commanding presence made his appearance among them. The *Salam* was given and received, and the stranger sat down to listen to the words of the prophet. After a long pause the stranger in his turn took up the word, and the whole assembly were spell-bound. His eloquence was sublime, and his voice full of melancholy, even sweet as the nightingale's, while a strange and holy fire darted at times from his bright, large eyes. He was, as he stated, a traveling Ulema, his weary feet had traveled all countries, he had seen most things, yet he was but a middle-aged man, and at the same time announced his name to be Mahalech, the wanderer. Every one of the congregation offered the learned and eloquent Mahalech hospitality, but he chose to select the good Ulema Zadic for his host. That night none of the learned congregation who had heard the stranger speak in the grove before the Mosque could close his eyes, owing to the strange, almost divine, strains of Mahalech, which kept them in a blissful state of watchfulness.

The stranger was prevailed upon to give a public discourse before the whole congregation in the Mosque, and it was then that the power of the learned man was really felt. He had been told a rapacious and wealthy man had just died, who oppressed his fellow-men. The preacher took the occasion to depict to his hearers the death-bed of the righteous and pious, and the death-agony and despair of the wicked, in language never before so powerfully expressed. The community felt electrified, and the heads of the congregation, by unanimous voice, shouted that this man must never leave them.

Mahalech promised to extend his stay one month. "For," said he, "I do not know where Allah will send me after that," and the people rejoiced even at this short sojourn. The pious man acquainted those who enjoyed his company that he had no incumbance, neither wife or children. "In short," said he, "I am perfectly alone in the world."

Among his greatest admirers was El Razin, the rich, who argued the question, whether he could induce Mahalech to take a wife belonging to the community and thus secure him for life. El Razin had a niece, very handsome and rich, a widow of no more than twenty-three years of age, whose history was really remarkable, being at this early age a widow, after having lost her third husband.

Her name was Myrrha, being the only child of a rich owner of two caravans trading to the Gulf of Persia. When Myrrha was but a child, she lost her mother. The child being very handsome and forward for her age, the father as well as the whole household vied with each other in spoiling her, especially as Myrrha unfortunately inherited from her mother, who was the daughter of a Moorish chief, an uncontrollable, fiery temper, which her fond father blindly called "high spirit," and in proof of which, at the age of twelve, not only the slaves and the servants of the household found her to be the mistress, but even her father resigned himself to be marshaled and controlled by his young, fiery, and handsome daughter. When Myrrha was sixteen years old she told her fond parent that she had made choice of a husband, a dashing young captain of the Saracens, and although her father was grieved at the selection, he was too much under her control even to try only to thwart her will. The nuptials were celebrated, and the usual honeymoon was in this instance of but a week's duration. Myrrha assumed the command, and the captain demurred; but Myrrha flew into a passion, disdaining to go into tears and hysterics, making an onslaught on the captain's choicest ornament, those manly appendages of a Saracen, his moustache. The captain furiously blind with indignation, administered on his lovely bride of a week's standing such a personal chastisement that the fair Myrrha was

compelled to ask for quarter. When the captain's anger was appeased he was rather ashamed and sorry for his violence, but Myrrha was awfully calm, and assured the captain that such a scene should not happen again. As she had plenty of means at her command, and as, above all she possessed a certain old woman who was much devoted to her, she hired through the agency of this old woman four stout Moors, who one evening waylaid the captain, and putting him under great torture, did not forget to acquaint him that it was for wife beating. The captain had only snubbed Myrrha's spirit for a while, but the torture entirely broke his spirit and courage, and he now became the abject slave to his wife's will. Alas! it was a hard life for the poor captain, and he became a miserable being. At that time the truce of the crusaders was in force, and Cairo was full of them, when the captain met one day a Franghie officer, to whom he complained of his misery, to which the Franghie remarked, "In our country we manage our wives by force." "Anything but that," said the beaten and tortured captain, "I have tried it and fared the worse." "In that case," said the Christian, "go away and leave her." "She has the control of the money," said the Saracen, "and where am I to go, particularly as there are no wars now?"

"Well, then," said the Franghie, "there is a never-failing remedy in the West; we drown our sorrow in the cup!" "But I am a Moslem," remonstrated the captain. "It is a medicine and remedy in this case to which our prophet did certainly not apply his prohibition," said the friend. The captain tried the fatal remedy, and became so enamored with the cure that he looked upon the original misfortune as a blessing; in short, he became a sot, and one evening, in a state of intemperance, he walked into one of the canals, with which the city abounds, and was drowned. Myrrha was left a widow at eighteen, and in the meantime her father died, leaving her absolute mistress of a large fortune. She then wedded a second time, a young doctor of medicine, and soon began to make the doctor's life a wretched one; but doctors are dangerous husbands, and now and then she got such furious attacks of colic that she plainly saw the doctor was trying scientific experiments on her person. She would thus soon have been cured forever tormenting men in this world further had she not by accident hit on a plan to rid herself of the subtle doctor in this manner: In noticing that her husband was very fond of her young slave Hawa, she proposed a divorce, offering him her slave and a round sum of money as inducement. The doctor agreed, and Myrrha was once more free.

After a year of loneliness she married a merchant who possessed a fine face and figure, but was inclined to asthma. This poor man stood but little chance against Myrrha's violent temper. He literally coughed his life out within twelve months, leaving her a widow again, and richer than ever. Myrrha, who had heard Mahalech preach, was, like the rest of the congregation, electrified by his eloquence, and she would often express to her uncle, El Razin, and his household the admiration she felt for this strange and holy man. El Razin began to believe that Myrrha might after all become a good and loving wife if she were to get such a husband as Mahalech. Consulting then the chiefs of the congregation, and taking the advice of the learned mufti, who was Mahalech's host, a proposal was made to Mahalech to marry the young, handsome, rich Myrrha. The pious stranger made no objection; in fact, from what he had heard of Myrrha he felt satisfied that he could hardly expect a greater scold, go where he might. To the joy of the whole congregation of the Mosque of Ayesha they were married, and soon became very unhappy.

It would be useless to attempt setting down the precise way in which a quarrelsome wife can make her husband's life more bitter

than the pangs of death. The continual murmur, the sneering distractions, where others would applaud, the ceaseless torment of pretended jealousy without reason or cause, the thousand different modes of tormenting a husband are unfortunately the heritage of every woman. Happily, however, all the good predominates, and he had makes the exception.

Mahalech began to get tired of his married life, and reluctantly acknowledged Solyman to be in the right. He had tried patience and forbearance, he had even tried such honest means which the educated generally use towards women, that is to administer a dignified but commanding reproof, and he thus employed his choicest language and most authoritative voice, but what was his surprise in finding that Myrrha only laughed at him, calling him a silver-tongued hypocrite, and continued making his life more miserable.

"I can stand this no longer," said Mahalech; "I will get a divorce and thus get rid of her." He then one day proposed this convenient mode of getting rid of a partnership by limiting its duration.

But Myrrha flew into an awful passion at the proposal, calling aloud, "What! to be divorced from my fourth husband? Who would have me afterwards for a wife? It is my wretched lot to have always bad husbands, but I will wear this one out until his natural end, and never give my consent to a divorce."

This resolution was an awful blow to Mahalech, who never doubted of getting a divorce. He took a glance into the future, and found that Myrrha would live to the ripe age of eighty-three.

"Oh! Allah!" cried he, "am I to endure this misery sixty years longer? Wretched, wretched Angel of Death, why did thou ever doubt Solyman's wisdom? Would to heaven that I could die. And ye unfortunate husbands who are tormented with shrews, I am, after all, your best friend, for in coming to take your life, I set you free from endless misery, which, indeed, exceeds in bitterness the pangs of death."

Mahalech now became a very miserable being, for he was not the man to complain, and to show his sorrow to everybody, but he suffered in silence.

Among the learned men who generally congregated in the palm grove in front of the Mosque, was a thriftless young man, who did not lack wit and learning, but he was one of the class who depend on chance not only for fortune, but actually for sustenance. His name was Al Heifez, which means the thriftless, and he had noticed Mahalech's sorrowful demeanor, and felt sympathy for him. So one day he inquired the cause of his great troubles, to which Mahalech replied:

"Alas, you cannot aid me, yet would I make that man's fortune who could devise relief for me."

"Confide in me," said Al Heifez. "Who knows whether I may not be able to serve thee?"

"Well, then," said Mahalech, "get me a legal divorce from my wife, and I promise to make thy fortune."

"If thou wilt strictly adhere to my advice," said Al Heifez, "I promise thee success. 'Women,' continued the thriftless, 'are inconsistent creatures. If thou hast the courage to commit, or rather attempt, a crime, and wilt manage it so that you are caught in the act, thy wife will then quick enough demand a divorce from thee. Provide thyself with chisel and hammer, and go early to-morrow to the Mosque. At the entrance in one of the door-posts is the charity box, where the faithful deposit, morning and evening, their charity. Try to break open the box, and manage to be taken in the act. The rest will follow."

"Thy remedy," said Mahalech, "is a desperate one, but, my sufferings being almost unendurable either way am I miserable, I will be tempted in making use of the advice thou hast given me."

TOO DEAF.

THE Vicksbury *Herald* has the following: That was an interesting scene which occurred yesterday in an office on Washington street. Our old friends Wilson and Jones, both men deaf, happened to meet, and after the usual hand-shaking entered in conversation as follows:

"Jones, what's news?"

"Yaas, 'tis so; wonder if it'll ever let up?"

"When did you get in from Jackson?" said Wilson, in thunder tones.

"Going out on the evening train; can't stay long," responded Jones, as if addressing some man at the Court House.

"What do you think of the victory of the Democrat?" yelled Wilson.

"Oh, yess he's well—he's well; he told me to present his best regard," shouted Jones, as if he was hailing a steamboat on the Louisiana side of the river.

"We got away with 'em badly, didn't we, old fellow?" remarked Wilson, so loudly that the porter became uneasy and walked back to see if anybody was being murdered.

"Yaas, yaas, he's quit drinking; he'll be here to-morrow or next day. How's yer family?"

"Oh, we done it fairly—no humbugging; no pink ticket; no shenanigan. We beat 'em square, old fellow. When yer going out?"

Just then the proprietor of the store, seeing things were getting complicated, brought in a bottle and two glasses and a ream of paper and a dozen lead pencils, and our friends talked with less enthusiasm during the remainder of the two hours.—*Forney's Chronicle*.

LAPLANDER BABIES AT CHURCH.—I want to tell you how the mammas away up in Lapland keep their babies from disturbing the minister on Sundays.

Poor babies! I suppose it is growing bad style every where to take them out to church. And I suppose, too, the ministers are privately as thankful as they can be. But the Lapp mammas don't stay at home with theirs. The Lapps are very religious people. They go immense distances to hear their pastors. Every missionary is sure of a large audience, and an attentive one. He can hear a pin drop—that is, should he choose to drop one himself—his congregation wouldn't make so much noise as that upon any consideration. All the babies are outside, buried in the snow. As soon as the family arrives at the little wooden church, and the reindeer is secured, the papa Lapp shovels a snug little bed in the snow, and mamma Lapp wraps baby snugly in skins and deposits it therein. Then papa piles the snow around it, and the dog is left to guard it while the parents go decorously into church. Often twenty or thirty babies lie out there in the snow around the church, and I never have heard of one that suffocated or froze—smoke-dried little creature, I suppose they are tough!

But how would our soft, tender, pretty, pink-and-white babies like it, do you think?—*Wide-Awake*.

A CURIOUS CAT.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE cat has made herself famous in an unusual way. As the story runs, a canary bird belonging to Mrs. Jonathan Hill, of Northwood, in that State, recently escaped from its cage and flew out of doors. Attempts were immediately made to recapture it, but it flew out of sight and was given up as lost. About three days after the house cat brought the bird in and laid it at the feet of its mistress, safe and sound.

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WASHINGTON, JANUARY 1, 1876.

We want copies of THE SILENT WORLD for September 1, 1875. We will pay 10 cents for copy.

THE LESSON OF THE NEW YEAR.

At this time of the year the most thoughtless person in the world cannot help having solemn and sober thoughts, as well as hopeful and joyous anticipations. The old year is dead and gone, the new year is just born and begun. The past, whether it has been good or ill, is over and done with; what the future shall be is for each one to decide for himself.

The beginning of a new year should always be a solemn thing. Whatever the old may have been, the new always brings with it one lesson: That there is yet time to make amends for whatever has been wrong by doing good, and to improve on whatever has been good by doing better.

If our past lives have been such that we cannot think them over without regret, we can begin now to live differently and better; if we have nothing to regret, the best one among us all has much that might be improved, and lo! we have the opportunity.

There is nothing in the world that should cause us so much comfort, consolation, and joy as the thought that God does not require that we should atone for past misdeeds and mistakes by a life-time of repentance and better living. He only requires that we should make the best use we can of the part of our lives that remains.

We stand on the threshold of the new year, nay, we have entered it. We may not all live to pass through it, but if we take up the time that remains, be it long or short, with God's help, we can make it such that it will suffice in His eyes to atone for whatever has been amiss in the past.

Let us then be thankful to God for His great goodness and mercy, and accept the great opportunity now offered us. Let us beware, however, against attempting too much. Each day, each hour, each minute is just as fresh and new an opportunity for doing better as each year. If we are careful to so live each day that we have nothing to regret, there will be nothing to regret for the years when they are gone.

We can offer our readers no heartier wish for the new year than that they may succeed in thus living from day to day, that there will be nothing to regret when the year is gone; for then only will the new year be a happy one indeed; and most earnestly we do wish a happy new year in the sense which we have spoken of to all who may read these lines.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

FROM NEW YORK.

On the evening of Thanksgiving Day a number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Van Tassel assembled at their residence in Carmansville, to celebrate the fifth anniversary (wooden wedding) of their marriage. Thanksgiving Day being a general holiday, the invited guests began to assemble quite early and continued to arrive until late. Contrary to the general expectations, but two of the pupils from the Institution were allowed to attend. This caused some disappointment among the younger guests, who hoped to see their former school-mates and friends. Shortly after 8 o'clock a splendid supper was served, to which full justice was done; after which the guests returned to the parlors, where dancing was resumed for an hour or two, but as the larger portion of the deaf-mutes present lived at a distance, the company began to depart before 11 o'clock. Messrs. Lloyd, Jewell, Bull, and Miss P. Lewis from the Institution were noticed among the guests; also Mr. Hodgson; Mr. John Witschief (President of the Manhattan Literary Association,) wife, and brother; Mr. George Reynolds; Mr. and Mrs. F. Stratton, and numerous others.

Typhoid fever appears to have been raging to an alarming extent at the Institution for Deaf-mutes, on Washington Heights. Twenty-three pupils were reported to have been stricken down with the disease, of which number, two have since died, and two are not expected to live.

Mr. O. D. Morris, a gentleman formerly connected with the Institution for Deaf and Dumb, recently lectured before the Manhattan Literary Association; his subject being Benjamin Franklin.

Messrs. Hodgson and Reynolds, semi-mutes, are members of the Gymnastic Club attached to the Young Men's Christian Association, of this city. Others who now know not where to spend their evenings profitably, will find it to their advantage to join the Association; the expenses being small, while the returns are great.

Mr. George Farley and wife have gone to reside near Utica, in this State. Their numerous friends in this vicinity will miss them very much, especially the members of the Manhattan Literary Association, of which Mr. Farley was Secretary. The President of that Association appointed Mr. J. S. Wells to fill Mr. Farley's place until the regular election in the spring.

A debate was announced to take place before the above-named Association on the 16th inst., at which time a small audience assembled in the rooms of the Association, in St. Ann's Church. The subject was: "Which was the the greatest general, the Duke of Wellington or Napoleon I.?" After some delay the ball was set rolling on behalf of the "Duke" by one of the debaters, who only succeeded in getting that great man's name and deeds so mixed up with others, that it caused indiscriminate confusion throughout the rest of the evening. After the debate the executive committee held a secret meeting at which efforts were made to change the standing Committee on Lectures, &c., but these were opposed by a large number of influential members, so that the motion was laid on the table, to be considered at the next regular meeting. It is to be hoped that the executive committee will see their mistake before it is too late, as the present committee are well qualified for the position they hold.

New York, Dec. 17, 1875.

VINE.

MR. JAMES S. SEYMOUR, who died a short time since in Auburn, N. Y., left \$5,000 to the American Asylum. Mr. Seymour's name will be familiar to many of the graduates of that Institution.

PERSONAL.

WE would remind our readers that we are wholly dependent upon their good nature and courtesy for the matter contained in the Personal Department. It does not take long to write and send a short item for this department, yet the shortest item about an old school-mate or friend may be of more value than all the rest of the paper to any one of our readers. We ask, therefore, that each and every one of our readers will consider himself or herself one of the editors of the Personal Column, and send any thing, no matter how little, which maybe of interest.

HENRY S. HITCHCOCK, A. B., of Lincoln, Nebraska, a graduate of William's College, of the class of '75, is a recent addition to the Board of Instruction, of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Philadelphia, Pa. The Institution now has eleven males and five females on the Board of Instruction.

CHANCEY GILBERT, a graduate of the Iowa Institution, for the Deaf and Dumb, was taken to the hospital for the insane at Independence this morning. He had been suffering mental derangement for some time past and preparation had been made to remove him if it became necessary. Something like a week ago, he left home in the afternoon and did not return until the next afternoon, and as near as can be ascertained, he lay out on the bank of the river, nearly opposite Olin, all night. Since that time he has been growing worse, and this morning required the care of two men to keep him from doing himself or persons and things around him violence. Poor Chancey! Robbed in childhood of these, to us, great blessings—hearing and speech—he is now robbed of the greatest of all blessings, reason, and goes from home a maniac, with little prospect that the light will ever break upon his darkened mind. Let us hope that he may yet be clothed "in his right mind" and that in the hereafter, with faculties all undimmed, he may learn that new song with which he may awake the echoes of heaven as none but the afflicted here may do there.—*Anamosa (Iowa) Eureka, Dec. 8, 1875.*

THE DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY OF CHICAGO.

WE, the undersigned Committee, respectfully submit the following report:

Whereas, since the organization of the Deaf-mute Society of Chicago, Mrs. J. M. Raffington has served as its President, and

Whereas circumstances makes her removal from our city necessary, and consequently the resignation of her office; therefore be it:

Resolved, That we, as a society and individuals, greatly regret the necessity of her removal and resignation.

Resolved, That, as a body, we feel that she has discharged her duties which devolved upon her with faithfulness and impartiality.

Resolved, That we, as a society, tender her our most grateful thanks for her long service and wish her much happiness wherever her lot may hereafter be cast.

Resolved, That as a farewell token of regard, we will secure the publication of these resolutions.

ROBERT M. THOMAS,
EDWARD P. HOLMES,
ANGIE A. FULLER,

Chicago, Dec. 15, 1875.

Committee.

AUGUSTA, ME.—A deaf and dumb tramp entered the Journal office recently, and the night hands gave him copy and set him to work, but, after "sticking" for a short time, he became restless, and started out to hunt up a chew of tobacco. He was unsuccessful in the search, we imagine, for he has not been seen since.

VISITORS who call on New Year's Day, not to see their friends but to drink their friends' wine, can best be dispensed with; and so, no wine on New Year's Day.

THE WOES OF THE PUBLISHERS.

THE New York Press Club celebrated its fourth annual banquet last Saturday night. Peter Cooper, Esq., the Hon. A. Oakey Hall, ex-Mayor Vance, Attorney General Bliss, and many others were the guests of the Club, which has about two hundred and fifty members, and is in a highly prosperous condition. Mr. Talmage, in response to the toast, "The Religious Press," closed by saying:

Men of the Press, how does the world treat you? Constantly calling upon you for so many bricks, do they furnish enough straw? My opinion is that no class of men do more hard work for poorer pay. This toiling until after midnight, this perpetual odor of printer's ink, this chronic blowing up of printing offices, this pumping of ideas out of an exhausted brain—outsiders know not what it is. I wish you larger compensation and higher appreciation on the part of the public, and that, when your work is done, and the "composing stick" of life is made up, and the "proof sheet" of your earthly existence is handed in, there may be no marks in the margin of that proof-sheet of "tr" for transposition, or "wf" for wrong font, or of "qy" for query, but a clean, bright, beautiful page of duty performed, and the great end of life achieved.

SOME QUEER RAILROAD BUILDERS.

THERE were workmen on the Pacific Railway even more curious than the Irish or Chinese navies. During the summer of 1868, the Laramie River became very low, much to the distress of a contractor who had cut a great many thousand cross-ties—the timbers on which the rails are laid—and which he expected to float down to the point where the railroad was to cross. He was at first at a loss to know what to do, but resolved, finally, to build dams across the river at various points, and when the stream was thus made high enough, set his rafts afloat. Large parties of men, therefore, went to work building the dams. No sooner would the men leave off work at night than thousands of beavers would begin, and work hard at the dams during the whole night. Water is always as necessary to the comfort of beavers as on this occasion it was to the welfare of the contractor and it was probably for this reason, and not because they wished to see the railroad finished, that the beaver community joined in the labor of building the dams.—*St. Nicholas.*

HOW MONKEYS ARE CAPTURED.

How are monkeys caught? The ape family resembles man. Their vices are human. They love liquor and fall. In Darfour and Senor, the natives make a fermented beer, of which the monkeys are passionately fond. Aware of this, the natives go to the parts of the forest frequented by the monkeys, and set on the ground calabashes full of the enticing liquor. As soon as the monkey sees and tastes it, he utters loud cries of joy, that soon attract his comrades. Then an orgie begins, and then in a short time they show all degrees of intoxication. Then the negroes appear. The few who came too late to get fuddled escape. The drinkers are too far gone to distrust the negroes, but apparently take them for larger species of their own genus. The negroes take some up, and these begin to weep and cover them with maudlin kisses. When a negro takes one by the hand to lead him off, the nearest monkey will cling to the one which thus finds support, and endeavor to go on also. Another will grasp at him, and so on until the negro leads a staggering line of ten or a dozen tipsy monkeys. When finally brought to the village, they are securely caged and and gradually sobered down; but for two or three days a gradually diminishing supply of liquor is given them, so as to reconcile them by degrees to their state of captivity.

THE TWO BEARS.

[Translated from the Italian of Gozzi's *Oriental Tales*.]

Two great friends, a painter and a goldsmith, once travelled together. The night overtaking them near a monastery they asked for shelter there, and were hospitably received. As the purses of our travellers were too empty to admit of their continuing their journey, the painter, who was skilful in his art, offered to work for the monastery, and before long he so grew in the esteem of the good monks that they had the greatest confidence in him. However, they were destined to lament having put so much faith in him.

It happened that one night the monks left the sacristy door open, whereupon the goldsmith and the painter went in, and, after having made a bundle of all the gold and silver vessels that were there, they both took to flight. Having possessed themselves of such costly booty, they now thought only of returning to their own country. On their arrival, in order to prevent the discovery of their theft, they locked up the stolen wealth in a coffer, agreeing that neither of them should touch it without warning the other.

A little time after the goldsmith married, and in time became the father of two sons. His expenses increasing with his family, in order to supply his needs he made use of a large portion of the treasure contained in the coffer, and when taxed by the painter with his bad faith he persisted in denying the theft.

The painter, savage at his friend's perfidy, pondered how to avenge himself: and to do so with greater security, he pretended for the time to believe the solemn oaths of his accomplice. He then begged one of his friends, a hunter, to let him have two live bear-cubs, and as soon as he got these he made a statue in wood, so like the goldsmith in feature, size, and dress, that the eye was completely deceived. He then taught the cubs to take their food from the hands of this statue. Daily led to the room where this figure was, they no sooner saw it than they leapt toward it, and took from its hands the food that had been placed there for them.

The painter continued patiently for several months to accustom them to this practice, and when the cubs were thoroughly used to it, he invited the goldsmith and his two sons to supper with him. Then, early in the morning, he carried off the children from their room, and placed the cubs in their place.

The goldsmith's wonder when he found, instead of his children, two bear-cubs in their room, cannot even be described. At first, full of fright, he began to say whatever came into his head. The painter played the part of a man full of astonishment, and told his guest that so wondrous a transformation must be Heaven's punishment for his having done some great sin. The goldsmith would not, however, let himself be deceived by these words; and believing that the painter was the cause of the change, he obliged him to appear before the judge, accusing him of having stolen his children.

"Sir," said the painter, "you can easily clear up this matter; order the cubs to be brought here, and if their gestures and carresses prove that they distinguish the goldsmith from every one else, there can no longer be any doubt of their being his sons."

The judge approved of the experiment. The two cubs, who had been left unfed by the painter for a couple of days, no sooner perceived the goldsmith than they ran towards him and licked his hands. At this sight every one was filled with wonder, and the judge himself was too puzzled to know how to decide the question.

The goldsmith, overwhelmed with wonder, went back to the painter's house, threw himself on his knees before him, confessed his treachery, and entreated him to pray that God would restore his children to their natural form.

The painter pretended to be touched, and both of them passed the night in prayer. He had first taken the precaution to remove the bears, and in exchange he put back the goldsmith's two children, hitherto kept well hidden. The painter led their father to the room, and having restored them to him said:

"Our prayers are answered, and may you learn henceforth not to fail in your agreements!"

INSTITUTION NEWS.

OHIO.

THE third sociable of the school year came off last Tuesday evening in the girls' play-room, and was participated in by the pupils of the A floor. To many of them the occasion was, no doubt, a "new thing," the like of which they never before had witnessed. 'Tis needless to say the little lads and lasses more than had their expectations fulfilled by the evening's games and other mirth-provoking pleasures, which served to pass the hours quickly by.

The Superintendent of the Institution, Mr. G. O. Fay, finished his Annual Report to the Trustees the past week, and from the extracts published in the daily papers of the city, I glean the following:

In speaking of the changes of officers and others that have occurred the past year, whether by removal or resignation, the Trustees say:

"It is due to those who have retired, to say that they have had our full confidence for honesty, character, and professional as well as mechanical ability."

No deaths have taken place in the Institution the past year. The appropriations asked for the coming year are, for current expenses, including repairs, \$61,500; for salaries, \$20,000; total, \$81,500. An addition of \$1,500 is asked to be appropriated as soon as possible, in order to supply the repair fund which was exhausted by the damages to the building last June.

Superintendent Fay gives the number of pupils at present as 401: males 229, females 172; whole number for the year 404. Sixty-four new pupils were received since November 15, 1874, and the average number present during the year was 404.

There have been received into the Institution since its foundation, in 1852, 1,512. In speaking of the grades into which the school is divided, Mr. Fay says: "A large number do not pass beyond the first, (Primary Department,) which gives them a good knowledge of penmanship, the fundamental rules of arithmetic, and the first book in geography. The other two grades include about all that is taught in the best graded schools. Of the pupils present about forty receive instruction in articulation.

No pupils are staying beyond their eighth year, and but 172 last year remained beyond their fourth. Mr. Fay is of the opinion that the privileges of the Institution might, with perfect safety, be thrown open to deaf-mutes, with no other restrictions than those of the public schools. For every one inclined to impose on the costly generosity of the State, there are ten whom, he thinks, it would be well to persuade, were it possible, to remain longer than they are now willing to do.

One-third (22) of those admitted the past year are congenitally deaf; 15 lost their hearing by spotted fever; 15 by other fevers, and 12 through various diseases.

Up to the present time the Institution has had but three physicians, viz: Dr. J. B. Thompson, S. M. Smith, and E. B. Fullerton, each averaging a little over 15 years.

Among the recommendations offered by the Superintendent are, the printing of the paper issued semi-monthly, at present by the pupils of the Blind Institution; the purchase of a power press; heating the shops, which is now done by stoves, with steam, which could be done at a cost of five hundred dollars; and the making of wooden boxes for packing the State reports, etc., at the Institution, which the pupils, under the supervision of the Institution carpenter, could easily accomplish. The last recommendation, I think, is a good one. It would not only be a saving to the State, but at the same time, would be the means of teaching some of the pupils a trade by which they could gain a livelihood after leaving the Institution. An inconvenience at present existing might also be overcome by adopting the suggestion of the Superintendent. The books bound at the bindery have to be loaded up in the wagon, hauled to the State-house, unloaded and then put up in boxes. They are sent to the several counties of the State from the State-house. Let the boxes be constructed at the Institution by the pupils, and the books then, as soon as bound, could be packed up and sent to their proper destination, a great deal of labor being saved, and the boxes, too, would be in a better condition.

The actual cost during the year has been for current expense \$60,682.00, for salaries \$19,228.33; total \$79,910.32. The actual cost per pupil has been \$102.81, which is \$2.92 less than for the previous year, and the lowest ever reached by any steward. But the Superintendent says these per capita comparisons, reliable indications upon a series of years, are not absolute for any one year, for which assertion he gives reasons.

Statistics are given of the number of pupils each county has in the Institution. Hamilton County has 36, the highest of any there; this number with the fifteen taught in the Cincinnati day-school would give her fifty-one.

Christmas the festival of all festivals is looked forward to by the pupils with joyous anticipations that Santa Claus and his good wife, Krech Kindly will kindly remember to fill the stockings that will be suspended from the beds the night before Christmas for their generosity.

Preparation are in full blast for a gala time in the Chapel Christmas night.

Columbus, Ohio, December 19, 1875.

COLLEGE RECORD.

Know ye preps. by these presents that it is New Year's Day.

MR. JOHN DONNELL has gone to Philadelphia to look around.

MR. D. W. GEORGE, 76, has returned. His father's health is better.

MR. JOHN SAXTON spends his Christmas vacation at home in Troy, N. Y.

THE examinations came off on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday 21, 22, and 23, and were in general quite satisfactory.

MR. JOHN CHICKERING, (Prof. Chickering's son,) now a freshman in Amherst College, is spending his Christmas holidays at home.

MESSRS. MICHAELS, HAZELETT, and BIGELOW took the Sunday morning train for Baltimore to see Washington's monument, and then to make a pilgrimage to Poe's shrine.

THE Reading Room rule No. 5, which prohibits the use of signs, is suspended during the holidays. When it is again in force the treasurer will be more busy than usual collecting fines.

AFTER spending several months, and a sum of money not less than a hundred and fifty dollars in the attempt to discover the cause of the insufficiency of gas in the college buildings, it was found that the only cause of it was a quantity of dust which had accumulated in the pipe at one corner of the basement.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

THE Pope uses snuff.

The best thing out—An aching tooth.

Chinese soldiers wants their wages raised to a cent a day.

Hay-burning stoves are coming into use in Minnesota.

It is estimated that an outfit for an actually fashionable woman costs \$10,000.

Mr. Toothache has been elected to the Kansas Legislature, in the hope, perhaps, that he may tie up his jaw.

Vice-President Wilson is said to have left an estate worth about \$3,000, and his place in Natick is valued at \$2,500.

Senator McCreery, of Kentucky, is dark, bald on the top of his head with intensely thick black hair on each side, resembling crows' wings.

A newspaper bedded in gravel, and turned to stone, was lately found in Hartland, New York, the printing being plainly visible to the naked eye.

Documents have just been discovered which show that Nero even didn't know how to fiddle, and that he was an upright and conscientious man.

Chinese women, even of the highest class, are not nearly so handsome, nor by any means so cleanly either in person or habits as their Japanese sisters.

There is a bull-frog farm in Southeastern Wisconsin, thirty acres of swamp fenced in, and the proprietor sends thousands of these featherless birds to New York.

When Queen Victoria is at Windsor she occupies one hour every Sunday evening in giving religious instruction to the children connected with the castle.

Rev. Isaac Hanks, of Malmsbury, England, the other Sunday read the text: "But man dieth and wasteth away, yea, giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" and fell dead.

The average yearly cost of each prisoner in England and Wales is about \$160. The daily average number of prisoner last year was 17,806, and the profit on their labor was \$257,490.

At Stonington, Conn., recently, a woman found \$30,000 lying near a railroad track. It is supposed to have been thrown from a car window by some thief, who expected his confederate to pick it up.

The maddest man in Wisconsin is John Leigh, of Oconto. He was a candidate for member of the Assembly, and being a conscientious man voted for his opponent, who was elected by just one majority.

Two sailors on board of a ship of war, agreed to divide all they received. One said to his messmate, "Jack, I am to be flogged to-day, and if the officer of the deck will agree to it, you can take your hall."

A new Paris telescope brings the moon to within ten miles of the earth, and a Michigan woman thinks that if she were given room to yell she could get up a conversation with some other woman up there.

As an evidence of the hard times it may be mentioned that a young man of Michigan wrote to every bank in Detroit offering to "be your kasheer for \$20 per month and board," and no bank could give him a place.

A "winter cane" has been invented in Paris for gentlemen only. It is a long, hollow tube, and before the swell owner goes out on his promenade it is filled with a chemical preparation which generates heat and keeps the hands warm for hours.

How soon some women change their minds respecting their husbands. Mrs. Spinner was forever telling her husband that he wasn't worth the salt in his bread, but when he got killed in a railway collision she sued the company for five thousand dollars.

A farmer in Cambria county, Pa., having the deed for his farm in his vest pocket, hung the garment on the fence, while at work in his field, and a cow coming along, ate part of the vest and the deed. The question in that vicinity now is: Is that cow a freeholder, as the title of the land was duly vested in her?

In one block in the western part of Detroit, says the *Free Press*, there are eight ladies who won't go to church on Sunday because a ninth lady has an India shawl and they haven't. And the lady who has it won't go because there is no chance for her to show off the shawl before the eight, whose feelings she well understands.

The attitude of Europe towards Turkey reminds one of the old caricature in which the housewife is represented as coming into the poultry yard, with the remark, "My dear chickens, I was just thinking whether I would have you served up roast or stewed." Whereupon the chickens respond, "But we don't want to be killed." Ah! my dear chickens," says she, "you wander from the point."

Difficulties have arisen in feeding the large Indian Hamadryad in the Zoological Society Gardens in London, in consequence of his refusal of all other food excepting snakes, which in the winter time is not easy to procure in this country. A supply, however, has been received from the Continent, and at last accounts the monster is engaged in digesting the sixty-second of his "weaker brethren" that he has devoured since his arrival in England in March last.

"Pa, are you in favor of the Bible in the public schools?" asked a west side youngster at the breakfast table the other morning. "Why, of course I am," responded the father, pleased that such an important subject should engage the attention of his youthful offspring. "What makes you ask such a question, my son?" "Oh, nothing," rejoined the young hopeful; "only I thought maybe you wasn't, as you never have had one at home." The urchin dodged, but he wasn't quick enough.

Some months since an Englishman named Atkinson bought a country place near Pithiviers, in France. For many weeks thereafter carpenters and masons were busily employed in preparing and altering the chateau, and after the work had been completed Mr. Atkinson issued invitations for a large dinner party to the most prominent families in the neighborhood. The guests arrived at six o'clock, and on taking their seats at the dinner table noticed with surprise that there was not even one servant to be seen. The soup was consumed in silent astonishment. When all had partaken of it, the host sounded a whistle, and as if by magic the soup plates disappeared, and three magnificent silver platters, each containing a roast goose, appeared. Little cries of terror were heard from the ladies. Mr. Atkinson took no note of his guests' surprise, but remarking that it was a very warm evening, whistled again, and the whole ceiling disappeared, the host's black coat vanishing at the same moment, leaving him clothed in a white suit. The guests alarmed, were about to rise from their chairs when they found themselves, their chairs and the table suddenly raised five feet above the floor. They, however, were soon lowered again to the floor, and all took refuge in hasty flight from the demoniac abode. A judicial investigation was instituted, and it was found that Mr. Atkinson had been for ten years the chief machinist at Convent Garden Theatre, in London, where he had amassed a nice little fortune. The dinner was a little freak to indulge his fondness for his old pursuit.

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4 mos.	3 00	5 50	8 00	14 00	24 00
9 times	3 25	6 00	8 75	15 00	27 00
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